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Barakar

26th April 93

My dear Pippa

This week I grieve
to say there is the usual
tale of bricks without straw.
Life is a perfect blank or to
be poetical a wide expanse
of bricks and mortar. The
only break in the monotony
are the Mitchells, especially
Miss Mitchell who may gen-
erally be relied upon to
afford a little recreation.

I am getting a marvellous control over the muscles of my face as you will agree when I tell you with my hand upon my heart that I sat like a graven image through the following conversation:—

P.S. The latest thing in scientific developments, I hear, is the liquefaction of air.

Miss M. Ah! but first catch your 'are'!
Mr. M. No, my dear, hay hi hav not
haitech hay hi hav!!

Herbert came up here on Sunday with Drysdale and I went

in to Answer with them. Herbert is a great swell now, and swaggers about in his own railway carriage, much to the joy of his old beaver. I have now been sitting for half an hour and have gnawed 3 inches off the top of my pen but without finding anything else to say except that hylas is off next Monday and I wish it was me. So

Goodbye

your loving though you
may not think so
brother

Ralph